

DIAMONDS AND GOLD.

A Tale of The Far West.

My story is laid in the gold-yielding districts of British Columbia called Cariboo; the opening scene being at a little mining city to which I will give the name of Nuggetville. The time is the autumn of 1896.

The "Eldorado Restaurant and Saloon" was an hotel—every rubbishy bit of an eating-and-drinking shanty in the Very Far West is an hotel—which did a capital business, and was kept by one Alexander Macpherson, a taciturn, miserly old fellow of doubtful antecedents, with a sharp head on his shoulders and no principles worth speaking about, and who had passed many years in first one gold country and then another.

His "help," "bar-keep," and general factotum, was a young Englishman known in the old country, where he had been a male butterfly of society, as Hugh Mostyn, but familiarly spoken of among the rough miners, ever great at bestowing nicknames, as "the cockney." He had landed in the colony during the gold excitement of '62, short of money but rich in hope, firmly persuaded that he was going to make a fortune in a few months, had rapidly spent all he possessed, tried the callings of a newspaper-boy, omnibus-driver, grocer's assistant, le see of a cigar-store whose four previous owners had successfully achieved bankruptcy, cook at the prison—the prisoners surviving!—and several other things; and had now for about a couple of months been servant to old Macpherson. And was only too glad to have secured the situation. The wages, for that part of the world, were microscopic, for the keeper of the "Eldorado" passed himself off as a poor man. "Night dead-broke," was the expression he used.

How far this assertion is true, my story will show.

One day, towards the end of September, while the mining season was still at its height, and when all things were at their busiest, Macpherson waked up in the little den behind the saloon, which was his sanctum and bed-room, prostrate and helpless, victim to a sharp attack of rheumatism. Touched at the sight of the old man's pitiable condition, and, also, perhaps, dreading lest death should ensue, and the business they were then, the barman felt convinced, making so thriving a concern, he broken up, Hugh exerted himself both to nurse his master and at the same time attend to the restaurant.

In the afternoon, work having slackened, and the saloon being only half full of gamblers, loafers, hard-drinkers and the like, Seth W. Jones lounged up to where Hugh stood behind the bar. Now, of all the people the latter knew in Nuggetville, this specimen of the "honest miner" was the one he most cordially detested. And no wonder. For Seth Jones, a long, lean, lute-jawed, ill-conditioned fellow, with his roving eyes set much nearer together in his head than any respectable man has a right to have them, always looked as if he had at least a dozen murders on his conscience, and would not have minded adding a dozen more.

Said Seth, who seldom wasted words: "Boss sick?"

"Macpherson is laid up with rheumatism," politely made answer Hugh, who dared not rebuff the man he feared.

"Guess I'll take a drink," said the visitor, "brandy straight, (i. e., "neat") and drank off the whole measure at a draught, made not the slightest perceptible difference in him.

He then leaned on the counter, hemmed the barman in, and set himself to extract everything in the way of information he could about Hugh himself, the amount of business done at the "Eldorado," and the private affairs of the "Eldorado's" proprietor.

Never had the Englishman been put under such a stiff cross-examination; the "down-easter" of fiction or fact was, in the matter of inquisitiveness, nothing to Seth W. Jones; but dread of the questioner and doubt of the motive of so much curiosity, made Hugh cautious in his replies. Indeed, of his master's private affairs he knew absolutely nothing. But Seth, who was "cuteness" itself, read his victim as easily as an open book.

"That was a strange hint Jones dropt about old Sandie having a pile," thought Hugh, as, after attending to his master's wants, he retreated to the saloon, and rolled himself up for the night in his blankets. But he was far too exhausted with his day's work to be puzzling about the matter, so quickly fell asleep, nor stirred till cock-crow.

"Could there have been any truth in it, I wonder?" he then said to himself, as he pursued the train of thought of the previous evening.

Seth's suggestion henceforth haunted him; and he furtively watched his employer as he had never before dreamed of doing. He took note of the fact that Macpherson, who in a marvelously short time was well again and about, never "loafed" from house to house, or claim to claim, or lazy group to lazy group, like other folks, nor cared to visit the Nuggetville theater to cast upon the stage at the feet of favorite actresses nuggets of ten or twenty-dollar pieces—the gold-miner's substantial substitute for the bouquets of civilization—or haunted any place, in fact, save the "Eldorado" restaurant and saloon alone. Hugh remembered, too, that twice since he had entered the old man's service, he waked up in the middle of the night, and had been shining through the cracks of the partition a faint light, and smelt a strong perfume of the natural whisky; but not till Seth Jones had asked so many questions had this proceeding seemed to mean more than wakefulness and a secret indulgence in intoxicating liquors. Now, however, his curiosity was roused, and he set his wits to consider how best to construct a peep-hole through the slight partition of barely-closing, roughly hewn boards.

On the morning following the conversation, as Hugh stooped behind the bar to roll up his night's blankets, he carefully examined his side of the partition,

and perceived that one of the boards had, just where it joined the floor, a loose corner half split off. Could he complete the fracture, there would be a hole large enough to give him, if he lay his head upon the floor, a fairly good view of the den beyond.

But how to complete it? Of Macpherson's presence there was no getting rid, and wood can not be split without making a tell-tale noise. Once broken, nothing would be easier than to restore the irregular triangle to its place, trusting to chance for its non-observance on Sandie's side the division, and upon the other putting in front of it some one of the many light packages that stood behind the bar.

For several days Hugh watched his opportunity in vain.

At length, late one evening, the "Eldorado" being full of miners, and the drinking and gambling at its height, there suddenly arose one of those hot-headed disputes over the cards, which so frequently end in bloodshed. Two men were playing in a corner, when one of them sprang up, gave utterance to a torrent of oaths and accusations of unfair play, dashed his half of the pack full in the other's face, and clapped his hand behind to draw forth his bowie-knife. Upon which the second man, rising too, whipped out his revolver, and fired, but merely grazed his adversary.

At once the miners hurried to the spot, and Macpherson, whom neither knife nor pistol ever scared, put a stop to the affray.

The bar was thus left to Hugh alone; and, quick as thought, he dropped behind it, and under cover of the din of voices and overturned furniture, tore out the triangular loose bit of wood, hastily replaced it, and moved against it a half-empty wooden case containing bottles of brandy packed in straw. All this was done in less time than it takes to write of the transaction; and when Hugh stood up again, the hubbub was not half over, and the interest in the gambling incident was still so keen that it looked as though no one, not even Seth W. Jones himself, had noticed the barman's apparently eccentric conduct.

When at last the evening had worn away, the saloon doors had been closed, and master and man had retired till the morning, Hugh Mostyn had never been more wide awake. He lay down in his accustomed corner, though not, as usual, to fall into the deep slumber which naturally follows a hard day's labor, but to wait till the faint light from Macpherson's den should shine through the cracks of the partition. When his employer had disappeared within his sanctum, and shot to the inside bolt, a never-failing signal that the old man had retired till morning, the young one at once pushed aside the half-empty case, so that, should he need to remove the triangular piece of wood, he could do so without trouble, and without noise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mme. Ristori in Paris.

[London Truth.]

Mme. Ristori's profile is just what it was when she came here twenty years ago to act Medea. Her step is elastic and neck upright. She dresses at home in plain black cashmere, fitting faultlessly to her figure, which is of feeble cast. Her hair is also plainly arranged and is well preserved. Ristori only comes to Paris on business. She has built houses here on speculation, which she lets in flats. Her own habitation is a maison bourgeoise on the Boulevard Malesherbes, which is let in flats. Thiers lived in it in the summer of 1873 on the entresol. Ristori's part is a large first floor, reached by a separate stair. Except by the porte cochere it is cut off from communication with the rest of the house. The walls and ceiling of the staircase are decorated with frescopaintings by Italian artists. The idea they impart to the stranger ascending is that he mounts to a temple of the Muses. One is struck from the moment one passes through at the street door with the absence of bourgeois vulgarity. The concierge is dressed like a man-servant. He and his wife are Italians, and the latter has the finest head of black hair, I suppose, in Paris. They both have a kind, pleasant manner in the discharge of their janitorial functions. At the top of the private stairs the door is opened either by a grave maitre d'hotel or by Mme. Ristori, la Marquise del Grillo, the tragedienne's title or for "Mlle. Bianca del Grillo." A richly furnished drawing room is entered by a vestibule, rather exiguous to be in keeping with the rest of the habitation, and particularly with the mural decorations. One does not rapidly catalogue the articles of furniture in the drawing-room. The harmony is too perfect for any one object to catch the eye more than another, unless it be the marble console facing the windows and supported in a gilt stand, in the Louis Quatorze style. Mme. Bianca is about twenty, fair, slender, ladylike and chatty without being talkative. She speaks French and English fluently, but with a slight Italian accent. There is a readiness to oblige in her which enhances her youthful attractions. Last week she went to a world of trouble to order and superintend the making of wedding outfits for two young friends of hers, one of whom is in Germany and the other in Italy. Her taste and judgment are very sure, and she took care that no exorbitant bills should be sent in for the charming things she had made up. One is not less struck in conversing with her by her good senses than by the gracefulness of her manner. Mme. Ristori was not when in Paris any day for receiving. The political events of the last nine years have dispersed her friends here, the Theatre Ventadour has been demolished and she is glad to enjoy quiet after the Roman season.

Re-Working Butter.

Hundreds of tons of white butter are bought every year, worked over by dealers, colored up and sold for double the price paid the farmers. This fact should convince farmers that they should put their own butter into the best shape for market and so realize all they can from it. It must have the bright golden color of June, which nothing but Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Perfected Butter Color can give. Use this color, pack your butter in the best manner, and you will get the top price.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

MEMPHIS LETTER.

The Returned Refugee—Last meeting of the Safety Committee—Fat Time—What Shall be Done to Stay the Summer Plague.

Special Correspondence of the Star.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Nov. 3, 1879.

At last we feel the long expected polar wave fan our cheeks, and put life in our veins. After a heart-sickening siege of nearly four months, Jack Frost throws open our gates to the world. The fleecy staple of the South, so long withheld from our merchants, floods the various depots and landings, the idle cotton hook of the laborer is again resumed and the refugee merchant complacently smokes his clear Havana.

It is pleasant to note the look of joy on the face of the veteran of the epidemic as he greets the rosy refugee, and casually remarks that the saloons are all open. General Peter Tracy, whose efforts last year in behalf of the orphans gained him a reputation in the North, whose name is lisped by all the babies in Memphis, and whose nose is the pride of the grown people, was one of the first to return.

It was amusing to watch him "head 'em off" by being the first to ask "Where did you refugee?" when he would give a minute and hairlifting account of his experience at home.

Two friends met yesterday on Main street for the first time in four months.

"Hello, Jake," said one, "when did you get in?"

"Just got in this morning—had a splendid time."

"Did, eh? Where did you stay?"

"Up in Pinch," responded Jake, as his questioner turned away in disgust.

It might be well to state here that "Pinch" is an expressive name for one of the suburbs of Memphis.

One refugee tells of the splendid oyster bars in Salt Lake, another of the delicious oranges of Maine, while another regales his hearers with a graphic account of whale fishing in Lake Erie. One seedy and pallid little dry goods clerk tells of the rapid time he had in Chicago, Ohio, while his partner loves to dwell on the delights of Cincinnati, Mo.

A dapper little bank teller mourns over the dark and wicked doings of Paris, but from occasional scraps of his conversation, in which 'coon-hunts form the prominent feature, one is led to believe that it is Paris, Miss., and not the French Metropolis that he speaks of.

After listening to a half-dozen returned citizens for half an hour, the average man sadly realizes that the study of geography was grossly neglected in his youth.

The most joyful scene upon which the curtain fell was the final meeting of the General Committee of Safety on the last day of October. Promptly at 3:30 in the afternoon the spacious office of the Planters' Insurance Company was cleared and made ready for business. The bulwark of the epidemic and President of the Committee, Dr. D. T. Porter, was on hand, and busily engaged in placing chairs around the council table with his own hands. A pleasant light shone in his clear blue eyes, and a pair of short pantaloons adorned his legs. Just before the time of meeting the doctor adjusted a pair of eye-glasses on his benevolent nose and took a survey of the situation.

"Doctor," remarked your correspondent, "do you think those eye-glasses will ever form a part of history?"

"Well, hardly ever," he remarked.

For as many good qualities as he possesses, he is not guileless of "Pinafore."

The meeting called to order, the members of the press, with others, took places at the table. On one side were seated Dr. Porter, W. A. McCloy, his secretary, S. L. Barnds, the handsome and tireless agent of the Western Associated Press, and your correspondent. Several representatives of the local press were present. Off at one side sat John Johnson, alias Honorable John, the Memphis member of the State Board of Health. He was the raggedest man in the crowd. He had doubtless forgotten to comb his head and had had a serious rupture with his wash-woman. His barber knew him not and his tailor was his bitterest enemy. He sat with his hands clasped and a speckled coat on, in an attitude of prayer, becoming his deacon-like appearance.

Chief Athy, large, portly and rosy, sat opposite him, beaming resplendent in brass buttons. Dr. R. W. Mitchell, the Memphis representative of the National Health Board, made famous by his remark that the stay-at-home Memphians all belonged to the third class, had just returned from a junketing expedition around the Gulf coast, and would not even acknowledge the presence of a polar wave by wearing an overcoat.

While reading a paper that came regularly before the meeting, the Secretary read that the "work of the committee was retarded by its individual members," when it should have been, "the work of the committee was shared by its original members," upon which a facetious reporter remarked that he had "better let well enough alone and not correct himself."

The treasury of the committee was about exhausted, as was proven by the remark of the President when a motion was made to pay Colonel Cameron \$100 per month. A member seconded the motion, but remarked that he did not know where the money was to come from, when the President said they would "skirmish" for it. In truth, everybody seemed to be in a good humor, and, as a natural consequence, votes of thanks were tendered everybody.

Quite a eulogy was passed upon Dr. Porter, who withdrew blushing in a convenient vault, the door of which stood invitingly ajar while it was being read, and though he endeavored to express his sense of appreciation, was silenced by a good humored member, who said, "That's right, be modest!"

A vote of thanks was tendered the Secretary for his efficient services during the epidemic, but his blush of modesty and

gratification was spoiled by the Associated Press agent, who attempted to pick his pocket of his handkerchief in the midst of his speech of thanks.

"Gentlemen," remarked the Secretary, "I object to being robbed on one side while I am being stuffed on the other."

This remark convulsed the meeting, soon after which its business was speedily brought to a close.

A great many phenomena have been developed by the epidemic, but one of them is of too great importance to pass in silence. Every time-piece in the city was twenty minutes fast, with the exception of the clock at the telegraph office. The city time was regulated by the bell at St. Peter's Cathedral, and it is supposed that the house-girl turned up the sexton's clock in order to be on time at the trysting place one evening and forgot to turn it back. The bell of St. Peter's was the only standard, as Memphis boasts no town-clock, and all the jewelers were closed. Of course it is galling to a Memphian to acknowledge that his city has no town-clock, but it is a fact nevertheless, and it is to be hoped that while contemplating improvements in public works this fall this fact will be noted.

The principal question now, however, is that of sewerage, and it is generally conceded that Memphis will have the same thing to undergo every year as this unless the city is sewered. The cheapest estimate made shows the cost of the work to be not less than \$3,000,000, which, in the eyes of tax-ridden Memphians, is an enormous amount and insurmountable obstacle; besides, it is yet an open question whether or not the United States Supreme Court will declare in favor of the act creating the Taxing District, our present form of government. This is a question of deep interest to the entire West, and affects Northern and Eastern cities as well. It is stated that Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati were losers to the extent of some millions each by the Memphis epidemic of '78, by being deprived of a large trade which those cities do with Memphis. The agitated question is, would it not be a wise stroke of policy in those cities to assist in firmly establishing such an important market, the real gateway of the Southern trade. In all other respects except that of epidemic Memphis is one of the healthiest cities in the Union, but this one fault must be remedied, or it will suffer immeasurably. It can not be entirely annihilated, for if nothing else, it will still live as a cotton market, merchants will make arrangements to run a house here during the cotton season, and locate elsewhere during the balance of the year.

At present business is beginning to boom, and cotton is fairly "boiling" in. The country around for a radius of two hundred miles is in warm sympathy with Memphis, and will give her its whole support. As always after a panic, so after this epidemic, business will be conducted on a solid basis, and notwithstanding the fact that Memphis has lost a large amount of cotton, it is hoped that it will not suffer as severely as was at first supposed.

NED WILLOUGHBY.

What Ails You!

Is it a disordered liver giving you a yellow skin or constive bowels, which have resulted in distressing piles, or do your kidneys refuse to perform their functions? If so your system will soon be clogged with poisons. Take a few doses of Kidney-Wort and you'll feel like a new man—nature will throw off every impediment and each organ will be ready for duty.

Those who suffer from nervous irritations, itching uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines health, and constitutional vigor will return.

KIDNEY WORT.

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

DR. E. H. CLARK, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of KIDNEY TROUBLES it has acted like a charm. It has cured many very bad cases of PILES, and has never failed to act efficiently."

NELSON FAIRCHILD, of St. Albans, Vt., says, "It is of priceless value. After sixteen years of great suffering from Piles and Constipation it completely cured me."

C. R. HOSKINSON, of Burlington, says, "One package has done wonders for me in completely curing a severe Liver and Kidney Complaint."

IT HAS WONDERFUL POWER. BECAUSE IT ACTS ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS AND KIDNEYS AT THE SAME TIME.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Female disorders.

KIDNEY-WORT is a dry vegetable compound and can be used by mail.

One package will make six cures of medicine.

TRY IT NOW! Buy it at the Druggists, \$1.00.

WALLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

MEDICAL. GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. The Great Trade Mark.

TRADE MARK. ENGLISH REMEDY. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, and all Diseases that follow as a consequence of Excess, Abuse, or Loss of Energy, Vigor, or Vitality. It is the only medicine that can be used by mail.

Before Taking Gray's Specific Medicine, read the directions on the wrapper, and after taking, send for the Gray's Specific Medicine, which will be sent free of charge.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to all who apply. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per package, or six packages for \$5.00, or by mail on receipt of the money, by subscription.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., No. 10 Mechanic Block, Detroit, Mich. Sold in Cincinnati by J. W. HARRIS, P. L. E. and J. W. HARRIS, P. L. E. and J. W. HARRIS, P. L. E.

JOHN D. FARR & SONS, Wholesale Agents.

BUTTERMAKER.



GILT-EDGE BUTTER-MAKER

This powder makes "Gilt-Edge" Butter the year round. Common-sense and the Science of Chemistry applied to Butter-making. July, August and Winter Butter made equal to the best June product. Increases product 5 per cent. Improves quality at least 20 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Prevents Butter becoming rancid. Improves market value 3 to 5 cents a pound. Guaranteed Free from all injurious ingredients. Gives a nice Golden Color the year round. 25 cents worth will produce \$3.00 in increase of product and market value. Can you make a better investment? Beware of imitations. Genuine sold only in boxes with the mark of a dairymaid, together with words "GILT-EDGE BUTTER-MAKER" printed on each package. Powder sold by Grocers and General Store-keepers. Ask your dealer for our book "Hints to Butter-Makers," or send stamp to us for it. Small size, 1/2 lb., at 25 cents; Large size, 2 1/2 lbs., \$1.00. Great saving by buying the larger size.

Address, BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Prop'rs. [Trademark "Butter-Maker" Registered.] BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE CINCINNATI DAILY STAR.

THE CINCINNATI DAILY STAR

Eight Pages, Forty-Eight Columns,

With Four Editions Every Afternoon.

Newsy, Bright, Readable and Reliable, and all for the small sum of

Twelve Cents per Week.

The Star is virtually the only Afternoon Newspaper published in Cincinnati; and, having the immense field of afternoon journalism almost wholly to itself, has been able by a continuous increase in business, from time to time to make very marked improvements, until we are justified in announcing that THE STAR is now the

Largest and Best Afternoon Paper in the Country.

The very comprehensive news of the National Associated Press, and a complete system of Special Telegraphic Correspondence covering every part of the country, enables THE STAR to present the news of the world on the DAY OF ITS OCCURRENCE with very much more completeness than was ever before attempted by an Afternoon Paper.

People who read THE STAR are the only ones in Cincinnati who retire at night with a knowledge of what has happened the world over during the day. Not to read it, is to be twenty-four or forty-eight hours behind the wide-awake portion of the community.

THE STAR is emphatically a "Newspaper of TO-DAY," not yesterday. FOUR EDITIONS are published daily, giving the people of each locality the very latest news which it is possible to get to them.

The popular Price of 12 CTS. PER WEEK will not be Changed, but Improvements in the Paper will Constantly go on.

JOB PRINTING.

T. W. KEATING.

F. O. CARNAHAN.

F. O. CARNAHAN & CO.

PRACTICAL

JOB PRINTERS.

GOOD WORK. LOW PRICES.

230 WALNUT STREET,

BELOW SIXTH,

"Star" Building, CINCINNATI.

ANTI-BILIOUS COMPOUND.

AB C

CLARK'S ANTI-BILIOUS COMPOUND.

The Greatest Blood Purifier Ever Yet Discovered

A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE FOR DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD.

We do not recommend Clark's Anti-Bilious Compound for a single Disease that it has not already Cured.

We challenge a comparison of its merits with any medicine that has ever yet been produced.

While we do not claim that our compound will cure all diseases, we do claim that it will cure all diseases which can be cured by giving health to the Stomach, Liver, and Blood. It is entirely vegetable.

GENTLEMEN: I am in my seventy-fourth year; I left Dorset, Ohio, one year ago last spring. While there, I was very badly afflicted with Dyspepsia and Headache. I had been troubled with it say once or twice a week from early boyhood. I tried many things said to be a sure cure, but all failed till I took your Compound. After taking that I did not have a turn of headache for more than a year.

One of our neighbors in Dorset, almost entirely lost the use of her lower limbs by Hip Disease. When she visited her neighbors she had to be carried from carriage to house, and from house to carriage; but when I left Dorset Mrs. Chase could travel all over the neighborhood about as well as ever, for she had been taking your Compound.

Your Medicine has done wonders in Dorset and I recollect to say to my certain knowledge.

Respectfully, THOMAS CONANT.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 per Bottle.

MANUFACTURED BY R. C. & C. S. CLARK,

Operative Chemists, 2024 W. & S. W. Cleveland, Ohio.